

# WOMAN'S EFFICIENCY IN OFFICE PROVED, SAYS MAYOR

Mr. Mitchel Points to Constructive Work Done by Katharine B. Davis as Justifying Experiment

INTERVIEWING his "reluctant Honor" the Mayor of this five borough municipality presents certain features to the feminine news gatherer not unlike the exciting preliminaries to a Paul Rainey hunt. Easily accessible to the masculine interviewer, Mayor Mitchel interposes between himself and the reporter feminine a dense, dank and almost impenetrable jungle of barbed wire secretaries, private secretaries, personal attendants, one velvet tongue in a police uniform and other obstructive and discouraging chaparral. Once fairly treed, however, his Honor proves worthy the chase, and gives up, in the language of the press, with gratifying unreserve and candor.

I had told seven bland gentlemen of differing dignities that readers of THE SUN had burned to know Mayor Mitchel's views of feminine efficiency in municipal office as embodied in the work of Katharine B. Davis as Commissioner of Correction for the greatest of American cities. I had listened to seven different arguments as to the impossibility of gaining his Honor's ear with this question. Then I had made a mad dash for the official press room and secured it.

With a menacing look at the official who had valiantly but vainly guarded his door Mayor Mitchel pointedly consulted his watch, laid the timepiece on his desk before him, summoned a stenographer—I have no doubt a lurking detourist added to the complexity of the situation—and announced that he could spare me exactly four minutes.

Breathlessly I asked him to tell THE SUN just how much his administration owes to the feminine efficiency of Dr. Katharine B. Davis at the head of the Department of Correction.

The Mayor scowled darkly. "Manifestly," he ticked in exact rhythm with his highly objectionable watch, "manifestly it would be improper for me to discuss the work of any head of a city department except in a general review of the whole municipal organization. To single out one Commissioner in the cabinet as representing the 5th power of efficiency would be to imply that a lesser degree of well directed diligence prevailed in another bureau."

"But Miss Davis," I began (none of the menacing officials outside had called her "Dr."), "Miss Davis is the first woman in the history of New York to demonstrate efficiency or failure in a member of her sex as a cabinet officer of the municipal administration."

"Miss Davis was appointed," said the Mayor with emphasis, "and her work must stand or fall, not on the question of her sex, but on the merits of her previous constructive achievements as an official in the department of which she is now the head, and on the carefully worked out system of curative and not merely punitive discipline she had administered there."

"And has her work as Commissioner of Correction justified her appointment on these grounds?" I asked with a

half-glance upon the hurrying timepiece and an imploring one upon his Honor.

"More than justified it," cried the Mayor with emphasis. "To make the city's correctional institutions truly reformatory, reformatory in the strictest sense of the word, institutions that correct rather than confirm habits of crime, has been Miss Davis's unswerving aim, and her work in a department that was formerly notoriously dormant and ineffective suffices to illustrate feminine efficiency at its best."

The Mayor banged his clenched fist upon the desk with an emphasis that impelled his watch as he took breath and went on:

"Nor is this ideal, already partially realized, of making our city prisons a door of hope through which inmates may escape to honest fields of work and citizenship the only proof of constructive efficiency Miss Davis has given as Commissioner of Correction. Just about a year ago, late in March, 1914, she instituted, in the face of the Utopian impracticability of the idea, the most interesting municipal experiment of recent years. This was the establishment, as a feature of our correctional system, of the New Hampton Farms."

"To a farm of 610 acres owned by the city in New Hampton, Orange county, she has transferred 150 boys from the Hart's Island reformatory and set them at work out of doors, with the result that 100 acres of this land has been ploughed and ninety acres have been planted and cultivated by their labor. Oats, potatoes, peas, beans and other food stuffs have been harvested and an incalculable benefit to the State has been reaped in the habits of cheerful industry and interest in healthful outdoor labor instilled into these young fellows who, in the sad logic of ordinary circumstance, seemed headed in vitally for the downward slide of a criminal career before Miss Davis's broadly human and humane idea of reform took this practical, splendid shape. Efficiency? Yes, rather!"

Down to my grave shall I go hugging a firm conviction that no timepiece in the whole created universe ticks with such noisy insistence as does Mayor Mitchel's watch. With relentless zeal that inexorable monitor had clicked off the four minutes his Honor had promised me, and still it went tick-tick-tick-tick on. With utter joy I saw Mr. Mitchel's hand reach out and unconsciously replace the time of day in his waistcoat pocket. At least, if he talked overtime, the watch would not reproach him now.

"And will the agricultural work continue this summer?" I asked.

"This summer and every summer as long as the present administration has any voice," cried the Mayor with enthusiasm. "The boys enjoy the work and the spirit, the morale of the institution is excellent. But Miss Davis will not be happy until the women of our city institutions are also removed to New Hampton, and given a chance to develop the best possibilities of their nature, under conditions as rational, as salutary as those which have



Dr. Katharine Bement Davis.

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worked such marvels in the case of the boys at the farm.

"Commissioner Davis's plan contemplates the erection at New Hampton of sufficient buildings to house 747 inmates. She proposes a general scheme of reform that shall make useful citizens of the boys who go there from conditions of life that have given them no opportunity to learn the happiness there is in honest, productive, out of door labor. In Miss Davis's farm scheme they will learn—they are al-

ready learning—the care of stock and general agricultural and horticultural science, but those boys best fitted for industrial training will receive an equipment for wage earning in the various shops attached to the institution. A certain amount of book learning will be given to all who need it.

"And Miss Davis's administration has already demonstrated that such an achievement is no dream of a philanthropic visionary, but a genuine economic and correctional possibility that

cannot fail of practical results. Isn't that sufficient reform for one woman to have worked out in a year and a quarter of efficient administration?"

"It certainly sounds magnificent," I admitted.

"But in the line of domestic economy and financial efficiency," resumed the Mayor, "oblivious to the flight of time, despite a reduction of \$25,000 in the budget of 1914, Miss Davis's department, in cooperation with an expert dietitian from the office of the Com-

missioner of Accounts, has been able to furnish a much more scientific and wholesome dietary for the inmates of the city's institutions than they have ever enjoyed before.

"The best of meats and vegetables are now supplied; milk is provided for breakfast in all prisons, workhouses and reformatories, and this has been accomplished with far reaching results in its effect upon the health and vigor of inmates of the city's corrective institutions, at an actual increase of only \$6,000 over the expenditures for the previous year. Only \$6,000 for this improved food, and with an added average population of 800 persons to feed daily in our institutions."

"So much," concluded the Mayor, "for the question of domestic efficiency and good housekeeping in the feeding of the city's prisoners. As for feminine efficiency in what may be called the moral and ethical phases of correctional work amazing things—unbelievable things—have been done in the line of drug habit reform."

The anti-drug crusade instituted by the present administration against the introduction of morphine, cocaine, heroin and other habit forming narcotics into the city's penal institution has under the vigorous prosecution of the work by Commissioner Davis carried the drug evil almost to the vanishing point in the prisons in charge of the Department of Correction. The conviction and sentence of three city officials for unlawfully supplying prisoners with such drugs and the removal of a number of employees on similar grounds has had a most salutary effect; while Miss Davis's inauguration of approved new methods for the cure of the sinister drug habit has worked wonders in stamping out the evil."

"Has there been any lack of cooperation on the part of men in office with Miss Davis because of her sex?" I asked.

The Mayor rubbed his chin with a gravely doubtful expression.

"Well, possibly the Commissioner had some prejudices to overcome in her earlier official work," he admitted, "but every man, no matter how deeply ingrained are his departmental prejudices, takes off his hat to efficiency; hearty cooperation by all the employees of the department has now become a habit and a proud and splendid esprit de corps has developed."

"This loyalty to Miss Davis is little short of wonderful when one contrasts it with the sullen state of despair, lethargy and dry rot which characterized the same department little more than a year ago. Working conditions in the Department of Correction may be fairly characterized as ideal."

"Do you think that having created such conditions in the routine of her department Miss Davis's work as an executive cog in the wheel of municipal machinery is at an end?" I asked.

"I know the question would stir the Mayor up, and it did."

"Finished?" he thundered, "finished? Why, she has scarcely commenced. I haven't so much as mentioned the efficiency of the internal reforms she

has wrought in the city's correctional institutions by separating youthful offenders from hardened criminals and incorrigibles, thus disrupting the schools of crime that formerly turned out appalling numbers of young graduates in law breaking from the very prisons that were meant to teach obedience to the law."

"Finished? Why, I haven't touched upon Miss Davis's eminently wise and saving separation of healthy prisoners from those suffering from disease, nor of any of several equally humane and practical innovations born of her experience as head of the Bedford Reformatory."

"To illustrate," proceeded the Mayor, drawing a diagram of his words in the air with an enthusiastic index finger, "women prisoners in the penitentiary on Blackwell's Island have been removed to the Queens penitentiary to make possible the separation of the boy offenders here from those old in crime who delight in corrupting such good impulses as the young prisoners may have brought with them. Cells at the workhouse have been cleared of the aged and decrepit to make temporary provision for the isolation of those suspected of using drugs."

Mr. Mitchel thrust his thumbs deep in his waistcoat pockets and took up a tramp to and fro across the room. "Finished?" he reiterated. "Miss Davis has by no means finished her work of efficiency. She has extended an arduous further programme for the successful corrective and financial reform in her department." Here the Mayor chuckled, in evident enjoyment of a happy secret.

"Why do you smile?" I asked politely.

"Have you ever heard of a commissioner of anything at all who reorganized his department with a lopping off of millions from the estimated cost of proposed improvements?" he laughed. "That is exactly the joke Miss Davis has perpetrated upon the future budget."

"She has made estimates of the proposed plan for the Department of Correction at New Hampton which call for an expenditure of \$2,000,000 in place of \$10,000,000 of a previous estimate, thus saving \$8,000,000 to taxpayers. She has also formulated a practical plan to make this department absolutely self-sustaining within the next ten or fifteen years instead of costing the city \$1,500,000 per annum as at present."

"Efficiency? That is my official idea of feminine efficiency."

"But of course, your Honor," I said slyly as Secretary Theodore Rousseau entered with an intimation that grave matters of state demanded the Mayor's attention, "of course it is really only your masculine support and cooperation that have made Miss Davis possible as an example of feminine efficiency."

Under his august breath the Mayor murmured something that sounded like "oh, shucks."

As I bowed myself forth from the official presence he turned with eager warmth to Secretary Rousseau to ask the burning civic question of the hour. "What's the score?" he inquired.

## Dogs That Have Acquired the Art of Speech

A DISPATCH from Scottsdale, Ariz., recently printed in THE SUN described a dog named Woodrow Wilson that was said to be able to utter sounds which distinctly resemble words. The dog is a bull terrier and was named Woodrow Wilson because on the day of President Wilson's inauguration he wandered into the home of Miss Rose Bohn, his owner.

He does such feats in "talking" that he is the wonder of the town. He answers questions promptly and correctly. For instance, when he is asked "Whom do you love?" he promptly replies, "My mamma."

Woodrow Wilson may be a remarkable dog but there have been other talking dogs brought to the attention of the public during the last decade. There was Cutey! Did you ever hear of her? Well, her owner was positive she could speak, and many of his friends were willing to corroborate his enthusiastic statements.

Cutey's ability as a talking dog was brought to the attention of the public in a peculiar way. A small boy was playing with a ball in East Four-

teenth street, near Second avenue one afternoon when a fox terrier strolled along and stopped to watch the boy. Greatly to the boy's astonishment the dog suddenly said, "I want my rights."

It did not take long for the boy to spread the news about the talking dog, and finally it reached the newspapers. A reporter was sent to see the owner of the dog, Fred Jackson of 241 East Fourteenth street. Although the reporter was sceptical when he entered Cutey's home, he emerged convinced that if the dog did not actually speak she made a pretty good attempt.

It took Cutey's owner three months to teach her how to say "I want my rights." He got the idea from observing the dog trying to repeat things that were said to her. It was also asserted by neighbors that Cutey was able to say "will you?" and "Good night, everybody."

A dog named Rolf attracted much attention in Berlin because of his power to utter sounds which could be distinguished as words. This dog could only speak but he could spell.

In fact, he attracted so much attention that Prof. Claparede of the department of experimental psychology of the University of Geneva examined the dog and pronounced him a wonder.

The professor in order to avoid collusion between the dog and his mistress brought a set of pictures along with him which the dog had never seen. One of the pictures showed four mice nibbling at cheese. Without any hesitation the dog spelled out words which convinced Prof. Claparede that Rolf knew what the picture was.

Not long ago the police of Philadelphia made what they considered an important capture in the form of a dog who was in league with a band of thieves. While this animal did some petty thieving on his own account, he was valuable to the thieves because of his ability to "talk" to them whenever he saw policemen approaching. His "talk" consisted of short barks which the thieves understood perfectly.

Although the police were suspicious of the owners of the dog, they could never catch them in the act. Finally it dawned on them that the dog had

been trained to run up and down before places which were being robbed. The police then decided to watch the dog, and swooping down suddenly one night on the four footed "lookout" they caught the thieves at work.

There lived in Cranford, N. J., a dog who could not only "talk" but read a newspaper as well. The dog, whose name was Throgs, was the property of Miss Alice Lahey of the New Jersey State Food Commission and had the regular job of going to the newspaper store every morning for the family paper. He carried the coin wrapped up in paper, gave it to the newsdealer, got his paper and returned home with it in his mouth.

One morning the regular newsdealer was not present at the stand, but another person in the store slipped a paper into Throgs's mouth. The dog walked slowly out of the store to the other side of the street, where he dropped the paper and then thoroughly scrutinized it. Convinced that it was not the paper he was in the habit of getting, he sat down and waited until the newsdealer returned. Then he walked back to the store, got his regular paper and trotted home with it.

## Modern Soldier Still Carries Heavy Load

WHILE the rifle of the infantrymen of the world's armies has steadily lessened in weight during the last fifty years, and while constant attempts have been made in other ways to lighten the soldier's burden on march, it is nevertheless a fact that the uniformed fighter of today carries very little if any less than he did a generation or two ago. His gun and bayonet and some other details of equipment that had an exact counterpart in the old armies may be lighter, but modern military necessities have added to his carrying requirements.

He must now face this marching load: Magazine rifle, bayonet, scabbard, rifle cartridge belt and fasteners, rifle cartridge belt suspenders, first aid packet, canteen, canteen strap, set of blanket, roll straps, haversack, meat can (used as a frying pan), cup, knife, fork, spoon, one shelter tent

half, five shelter tent pins, one poncho (rubber blanket), one pair shoes, one housewife (needle and thread), one overcoat, one trenching tool.

These marching loads have varied from 40 to 100 pounds in the past, and weigh about the same now.

Of course, in going into action much of this load is discarded, some of it never to be possessed by the owner again, even though he escapes the battle field. In the old days knapsacks were always cast off by seasoned troops, who were followed as to the hoarding up of little trinkets and mementoes that so appeal to the amateur soldier. After a battle these discarded knapsacks might be recovered, but it was not likely. At any rate, while ancient knapsacks might be issued, it would not be the one possessed by the soldier before the battle.

Whenever a new levy of troops was mustered in and arrived in a camp where veterans were stationed the newcomers were greeted with

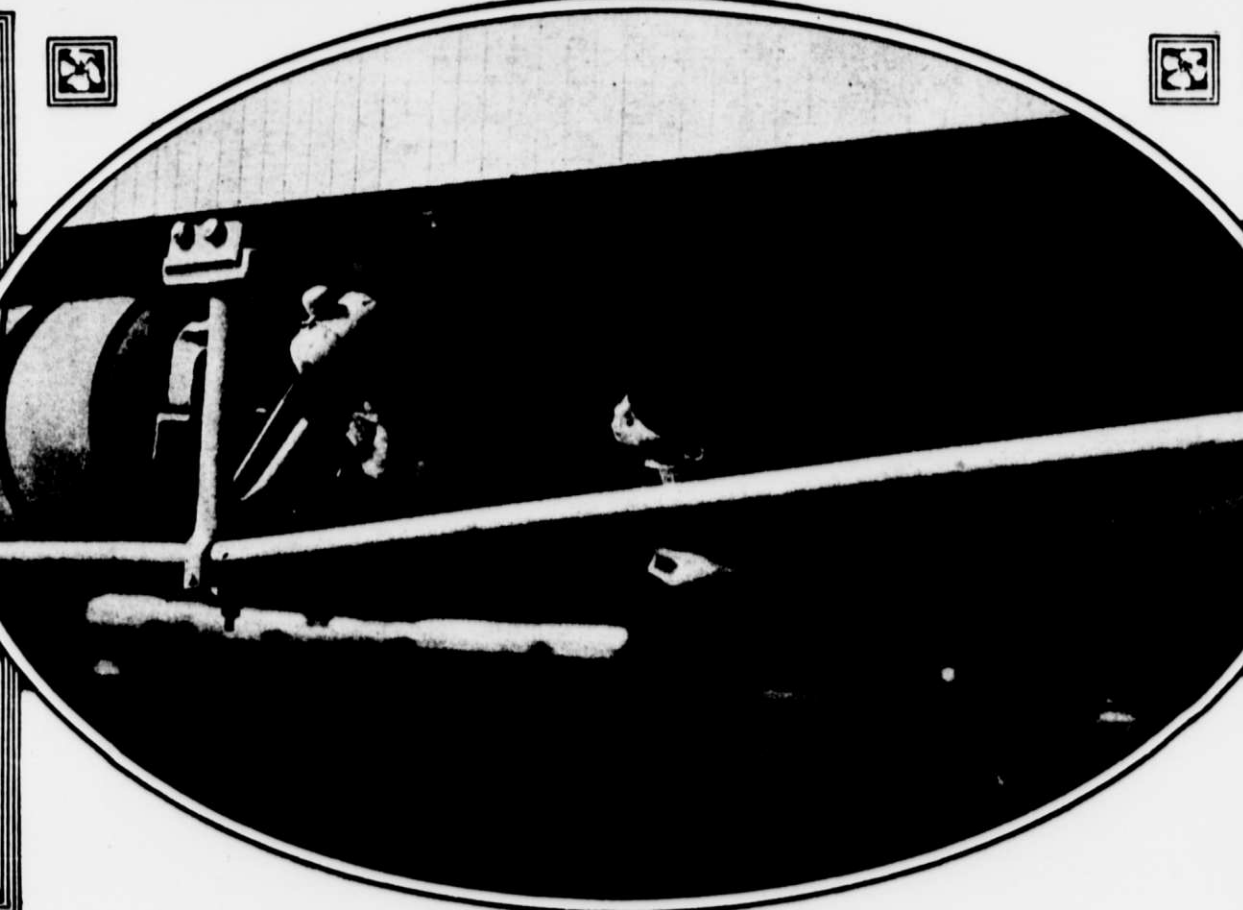
mock praise for their spick and span soldierly appearance, with special emphasis on "How nice those knapsacks look!" This time honored receptacle of everything a soldier desired or hoped to keep ever near him is no longer reckoned in the latter day universal fighting equipment. The Japanese soldier and the men of some other armies carry a long sack in which it is possible to tie many things the fighter needs—or thinks he needs—until the weight suggests a discarding.

During the Japanese-Russian war the infantrymen of Nippon carried among other things a hemp hammock, a water bottle of aluminum, a supply of rice in a grass box and a copper charcoal camp kettle of a patented kind that enabled water to be boiled right in a gale of wind. While troops on going into battle discard everything not absolutely necessary to them for the fight and are thus lightened up some, they have to take on some weight in the place of that relinquished in the shape of an extra number of cartridges.

## SEEING AMERICA FIRST—STYLES OF TRAVEL DE LUXE ON THE HOBO SPECIAL



A desperate chance, seldom attempted. Riding the side door of a mail car.



In a lower berth. Riding on the rods of a fast freight.

Photos by Paul Thompson.



Riding the bumpers. Safer than it looks, but too easy of detection by brakemen.